

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME 1.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1851.

NUMBER 11.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES

13 PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY
BARNES & ANGEL.

Office over H. Griffin's Store, Washington Street.

TERMS.—Payment in Advance.
Taken at the office, or forwarded by Mail, \$1.00.
Delivered by the Carrier in the Village, 1.50.
One shilling in addition to the above will be
charged for every three months that payment is
delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrears are
paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, (12 lines or less,) first insertion, fifty
cents, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent
insertion. Legal advertisements at the rates pre-
scribed by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements
as follows:

1 square 1 month, \$1.00. 1 square 1 year, \$5.00.

1 " 3 " 2.00. 1 column 1 " 20.00.

1 " 6 " 3.00. 1 " 1 month, 5.00.

Advertisements unaccompanied with writ-
ten or verbal directions, will be published until or-
dered out, and charged for. When a postponement
is added to an advertisement, the whole will be
charged the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive at-
tention, must be addressed to the publishers—post
paid.

Particular attention given to Blank Print-
ing. Most kinds of Blanks in use, will be kept
constantly on hand.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1851.

R. W. DUNCAN, Attorney at Law, will attend
promptly to collecting and all other professional
business entrusted to his care. Office third door
below the Washington House, Washington st.,
Grand Haven, Mich.

C. DAVIS & CO. Dealers in Dry Goods, Groce-
ries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and
Shoes, &c., &c. Muskegon, Michigan.

C. B. ALBEE, Storage, Forwarding and Com-
mission Merchant, and Dealer in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes,
&c., &c. Flour and Salt constantly on hand.—
Store, corner Washington and Water streets.
Grand Haven, Mich.

HENRY R. WILLIAMS, Storage, Forward-
ing and Commission Merchant, also Agent for
the Steamer Algoma. Store House at Grand
Rapids, Kent Co., Mich.

BALL & MARTIN, Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants. Grand Rapids, Mich.

GILBERT & CO., Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants, and dealers in Produce,
Lumber, Shingles, Staves &c., &c. Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

F. B. GILBERT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloth-
ing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery
and Stone Ware, Hard Ware, Groceries, Provi-
sions and Ship Stores. Grand Haven, Michigan.

HENRY GRIFFIN, Dealer in Staple and fan-
cy Dry Goods, Ready made Clothing, Boots and
Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery and Glass,
Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Paints and Oils,
and Provisions. Also, Lumber, Shingles, &c., &c.
Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven,
Michigan.

WILLIAM M. FERRY, Dealer in Dry Goods,
Hardware, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Me-
dicines, Boots and Shoes. Also, Manufacturer
and dealer in Lumber. Water street, Grand Haven,
Michigan.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forwarding
& Commission merchants; general dealers in all
kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, grain and provi-
sions; manufacturers and dealers wholesale and
retail in all kinds of lumber, at Mill Point, Mich.

L. M. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines,
Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Groce-
ries and Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Books,
Stationery, &c., &c. At the Post Office, corner
of Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

H. D. C. TUTTLE, M. D. Office, adjoining
Wm. M. Ferry's store, Water street, Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

STEPHEN MONROE, Physician and Surgeon.
Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop. Washing-
ton Street, Grand Haven.

LEVI SHACKLETON, Wholesale and Retail
dealer in Groceries, Provisions and Liquors.—
First door above H. Pennoyer's. Washington
Street, Grand Haven, Michigan.

SIMON SIMENOE, Dealer in Groceries and
Provisions. Washington Street, second door
East of the Ottawa House.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, By HENRY PENNOY-
ER. The proprietor has the past Spring new-
ly fitted and partly re-furnished this House,
and feels confident visitors will find the House
to compare favorably with the best in the State.

WILLIAM TELL, HOTEL, By HARRY EA-
TON. Pleasantly situated with excellent rooms
well furnished, and the table abundantly sup-
plied with the luxuries and substantial of life.

JAMES PATTERSON, Painter and Glazier.
House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting done at
Grand Haven. All orders will be promptly at-
tended to, by leaving word at this office. Shop at
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

WILLIAM ORIEL, Boot and Shoemaker.—
Boots and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders
promptly attended to. Washington street, Grand
Haven, Michigan.

A. H. VREDENBURG, Boot and Shoemaker.
Shop over Wm. M. Ferry's store, Water street.

CHARLES W. HATHAWAY, Blacksmith. All
kinds of work in my line done with neatness and
dispatch at my shop. Mill Point, Michigan.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on
Washington Street, first door west of H. Grif-
fin's Store.

GROSVENOR REED, Prosecuting Attorney for
Ottawa County. Residence at Charleston
Landing, Allendale, Ottawa County, Mich.

HOYT G. POST, Clerk of Ottawa County. Of-
fice over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

WILLIAM N. ANGEL, Register of Deeds, and
Notary Public for Ottawa County. Office over
H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite the
Washington House, Grand Haven.

HENRY PENNOYER, Treasurer of Ottawa
County. Office over H. Griffin's Store, opposite
the Washington House.

ASA A. SCOTT, Sheriff of Ottawa County.—
Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

F. O. F., Regular meetings of Ottawa Lodge
No. 45, is held every Wednesday evening, at their
Lodge Room in the Attic of the Washington
House. Members of the Order are cordially in-
vited to attend. Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Mich.

THE DEW DROP.

BY PAULINA.

I come at the hour of soft repose,
To bathe the brow of the fainting rose;
To fill the cup of the tiny flower,
And gem the leaves of the maiden's bower.
Ask ye my home? 'Tis in realms afar,
'Neath the fair, meek smile of the fairest star;
In a fleecy cloud that is just in view—
List ye the tale of the Drop of Dew.

I am the breath of the mother's prayer,
As it softly floats on the twilight air;
Her moan of anguish is borne to me—
"My son! would to God I had died for thee."
The half-breathed thro' of the maiden's heart,
The tear and the smile—all form a part.
The faint sigh that the martyr knew,
'Neath the frown of God, was the Drop of Dew.

I am the essence of things of light,
The wild bird's lay in the hush of night—
The merry voice of the streamlet's flow—
The dirge of autumn, in measures low—
The breath of flowers, when bright ones twine
The May-day garland—all are mine
The songs of home that our childhood knew—
Ah! a holy thing is a Drop of Dew.

I came where the scorchers hand had sown
Another's birthright, and called his own—
He asked not heaven for timely rain—
But cursed, in anger, the parching plain—
That curse arose—and returned—a blight,
For midday came with the breath of night;
No bright green blade from the dark soil grew—
Ah! a fearful thing is a Drop of Dew.

Children of earth! it is mine to know
The highest joys ye prize below.
From my pure, bright home, in yon azure sky,
I came, as a holier One, to die;
Sinless and fearless I die, to save
A dearer life, from an early grave.
While stars of even, that smile on you,
Light from their beauty, the Drop of Dew.

'Tis sweet to live, where our lives impart
Some kindly warmth to the genial heart;
Some sunny smiles, to a dear one's eye,
But sweeter, far, for the loved, to die.
I deck the lily with brighter charms,
But rise ere noon, from its fragrant arms.
I know that death will my life renew—
Much may be learned from a Drop of Dew.

It was mine to fall as a blessing, where
The suffering, sinless, knelt in prayer.
Those fearful drops, it was mine too see
That fell in thy garden, Gethsemane!
Thus has my mission forever sped—
I kiss the brow of the tombless dead—
I gem the graves of the loved and true—
Such is the life of a Drop of Dew.

SKETCHES OF OLDEN TIMES.

In the great drama of the world's history, there
have been some startling passages, which cause
a thrill of astonishment, as often as we review
their authors, causes or far-reaching effects. It
is a true, though trite saying, that great occa-
sions call forth great minds; and whenever an
exigence presents itself to a nation, which seems
to call for immediate and resolute action, some
master spirit is found, which often gives a new
turn to the tide of national affairs. Perhaps it
is a Brutus who carries in his bosom a hatred of
tyranny, and when the fitting time arrives,
plunges his dagger into the heart of the tyrant.

Or it may be a Judith, who, laying aside the
weakness and fears of her sex, nerves her arm
to strike the death blow of her country's en-
emy. But while we feel a just horror of the
deed, and condemn the unlawful means used,
we cannot restrain our admiration of the one,
who for the love of his country, dares to aim a
blow at its tyrant, in a public place, in the open
light of day; or of the other, who, making her
beauty a snare to her country's foe, takes advan-
tage of his ungarded repose, and in the strength
of the God of Israel, executes speedy vengeance
on the spoiler of her people.

The French Revolution of 1793, was not at
so distant a period but that we are all some-
what familiar with its events; nay perhaps a dim
remembrance of its fearful scenes yet lingers in
the memories of our aged grandfathers, and dark
shadows from the "Reign of Terror" rise before
their mind's eye like phantoms in a long forgot-
ten dream.

France, beautiful France, was given up a prey
to anarchy and desolation, while murder and ra-
pine stalked boldly through the land. The as-
sassin was not compelled to lie in wait at mid-
night for his victim, nor to choose silence and
secrecy for his deed of darkness; for he could
meet him in the very thoroughfares of Paris at
mid-day, and the blow which took the life of an
innocent man was loudly applauded by thou-
sands. The king and queen were butchered,
and the land was watered by the blood of mul-
titudes, whose only crime was their noble birth.

France was now, in name, a Republic, but gov-
erned by a triumvirate, who, in the name of Lib-
erty, committed acts of the greatest injustice
and most relentless cruelty. The Sabbath was
abolished, churches profaned, church bells mel-
ted into cannon, death declared an eternal sleep,
and the misguided people, denying the true God
worshipped at the shrine of their imaginary di-
vinity—Reason.

Where was now the gay populace which once
thronged the Boulevards, or danced in the Elys-
ian Fields? Alas, many had gone to their long
home, and those who had escaped death, langui-
shed in dungeons, or were dragging out the
remainder of their wretched lives in obscurity
and poverty. Where once the joyous song re-
sounded, now were heard the groans of the dy-
ing, and the halls where once glad music en-
tranced gay listeners, now echoed sullenly the coarse
jest and ribald song a licentious soldiery. The
innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, the
dignity of manhood, and the hoary head of age
excited no sympathy, woke no kindly feeling
called forth no pity or remorse, in the bosoms
of the blood-thirsty tyrants; but day after day,
with inhuman barbarity, they continued their
work of crime, glorying in the desolation they
caused. Who can estimate the horrors compre-
hended in a single day of that mournful period.

Where is the register of the tears, the agony,
the heart-breaking anguish, as those fondish
men separated parents and children, brothers
and sisters, the husband and wife, the lover and
the loved, and bore them to prison or to death.
Truly it was the Reign of Terror. But the fire
of patriotism had not died out in every heart.—
Many a patriotic bosom swelled with indigna-
tion at the wrongs inflicted on its bleeding coun-
try by its professed friends. Here and there a
noble heart dared to raise its voice against the
prevailing anarchy and misrule, but it was either

drowned in the popular clamor or silenced un-
der the blade of the guillotine. But for one of
those wicked men the day of retribution was at
hand. In a remote province of France, lived a
young woman named Charlotte Corday de Ar-
mus. With exquisite charms of person, she u-
nited rare courage and a dauntless spirit. Her
lover was an officer in the garrison of Caen, and
she naturally watched the movements of the pa-
triot with intense interest. She often thought
of the time when peace should once more come
to her beloved France—when, the scenes of dis-
quiet and bloodshed ended, her lover would re-
turn to the quiet vales of their native province,
to make her happy. But her fond hopes were
crushed, and her long cherished joys blighted
by his death. Being suspected of treason by
Marat, one of the hated triumvirate, he was as-
sassinated; and by this act of cruelty, Marat
brought upon himself the merited vengeance of
a wronged and desperate woman, and sealed his
own doom. When Charlotte Corday was told
of the brutal murder of her lover, her cheek did
not flush, nor her voice falter, but the combined
emotions of love and patriotism, gave birth to a
new feeling within her, and thenceforth her re-
solution was fixed, at once to avenge the death
of her betrothed, and to rid the land of one of
its tyrants, though in so doing she should sacri-
fice her own life. Without asking advice or
confiding her plans to any one, she conceived
an idea—bold as to its design—patriotic as to
its aims, yet criminal as to its means. Seeking
a pretence for visiting Paris, alone and unfri-
ended, she went to the metropolis and took lodg-
ings in the same street with Marat. Her first
act was to purchase a knife, selecting it with
great care; and now that she possesses the in-
strument of her revenge, and is in the immediate
vicinity of her victim, does she hesitate at the
fearful step she is about to take? Does she fal-
ter and shrink from the execution of her cher-
ished purpose? Not so. Feeling herself one
step nearer her object, her heart beats freer, she
moves with a firmer step, and feels almost sure
of success; and if successful does she not quail
at the certain doom which she knows will await
her? Not for a moment does hesitation or fear
come over her spirit, nor does she rush on in the
blindness of desperation. All her movements
are marked by calmness and loftiness of pur-
pose. Having addressed a note to Marat, stat-
ing that she had important intelligence to com-
municate relative to a conspiracy at Caen, she
was soon admitted to his presence, in his private
apartments. When she had related to him the
details of the conspiracy, and revealed the names
of those implicated, he replied to her, his coun-
tenance flushed with exultation, "To-morrow
they shall be guillotined." These words nerved
Charlotte to strike the fatal blow. Instantly
drawing the dagger from her bosom, and sum-
moning all her strength she plunged it into the
tyrant's heart. Then bending over him with
scornful looks, she said, "To-morrow thou shalt
be testing the reward of thy crimes." The deed
was now done—the object of her vengeance, and
as she believed, her country's worst foe, lay at
her feet in the agonies of death. But his dying
groans soon brought his attendants and confed-
erates, and when they saw the work of death
wrought by Charlotte's hand, their fury knew
no bounds; in an instant she was trodden under
foot, and her immediate execution was de-
manded. A speedy trial and condemnation fol-
lowed, but through it all she betrayed not a sin-
gle sigh of fear. With perfect composure she
replied to the questions put to her, and spoke
of the deed she had done, as a duty she owed
to her country. Four days after the death of
Marat, this heroic girl was conducted to the guil-
lotine. As she passed through the gazing crowd,
eager to get sight of the woman who had dared
to assassinate the triumvir—jeers and scoffs, in-
sulting taunts and ribald jests assailed her, but
when they saw her pale but serene countenance
and the lofty expression she wore, admiration
took the place of hatred, and pitying eyes fol-
lowed her to the place of death.

As a meteor shooting across the sky glows
with more intense brilliancy the darker the night
and vanishing from sight, leaves its mysterious
pathway, illuminated by a track of light, so the
character of Charlotte Corday bursts upon us,
from the gloomy night of horror which sur-
rounds the history of the Revolution, and shines
with brighter lustre, on the dark sky of tyr-
anny. Suddenly she appears before us, quickly
performs the one great deed, which renders her
name immortal, and is soon lost to us forever.
Lost! no—her name and her memory leave a
track of light clear and lustrous, which will long
shine on the world as a warning to tyrants; for
as long as the Reign of Terror is remembered,
the name of Charlotte Corday will not be for-
gotten; and although we may call her deed a
crime, we cannot withhold our admiration of the
unselfish patriotism and the noble spirit of self
sacrifice, which, while they brought her to the
scaffold, stamp her the true heroine.

[Daily Wisconsin.]

Dr. Reid, traveler through the highlands of
Peru, found lately in the desert of Atacama,
the dried remains of an assemblage of human
beings, five or six hundred in number, men, wo-
men and children, seated in a semi-circle as when
alive, and staring into the burning waste before
them. They had not been buried; life had not
departed before they thus sat around; but hope
was gone; the Spanish invader was at hand,
and no escape being left, they had come hither
to die. They still sit immovable in that dreary
desert; dried like mummies by the effect of
the hot air, they still keep their position, sit-
ting up as in solemn council, while over that
dried Areopagus silence broods everlastingly.

"Ned, who is that girl I saw you walking
with?"

"Miss Hogg."

"Hogg, Hogg—well, she's to be pitied for
having such a name!"

"So I think," rejoined Ned; "I pitied her so
much that I offered her mine, and she's going
to take it presently."

"I loved my wife," said Mr. Caudle, "and
for the first two months I felt as if I could not
her up. Ever since I have been sorry I didn't."

DESTRUCTION OF THE INDIANS.

The St. Louis Republican has obtained the
following melancholy intelligence from Major
Picot, of the American Fur Company, who
recently arrived from the Rocky Mountains:

At Fort Pierre, in the year 1850, the first case
of cholera occurred on the 4th of July. Other
cases followed this, and the disease continued to
spread until some three or four hundred Mis-
souri Sioux Indians had fallen victims to it.

The ravages of sickness were not confined to
the Indians, it would appear. The cholera com-
municated to the cattle, and Maj. Picot states that
from his own knowledge only, some fifty head
of cattle died of a sickness for which he can-
not account, unless it were cholera. They were
seized suddenly with vomiting and purging, and
in many instances, indeed in the majority of in-
stances, death ensued after five or six hours
from the manifestation of the first symptoms.

When the disease was raging most violently
among the Indians, a council was held, after
whose decision the entire nation struck camp,
and separated for various quarters. A portion
of them took refuge in the mountains, and the
remainder journeyed towards the north. The
cholera followed the party who had repaired to
the mountains, and continued to commit sad
ravages among them. To add still more to
their misfortunes, the small pox broke out
among them about the same time, and while it
ran its course there were from five to six hun-
dred of their numbers who fell victims to it.—
The traders done all in their power to alleviate
the sufferings about them. They were fortu-
nately well provided with vaccine matter, and
Maj. Picot supposes that no less than fifteen or
twenty thousand Indians were vaccinated by
them, to start from the occurrence of the first
case. The most frightful panic spread itself
among the Indians on the appearance of the
cholera in such a malignant form. Neither in-
terest nor friendship, nor parentage, were suf-
ficient bonds to keep them together in this time
of affliction. Wives were abandoned by their
husbands, parents by their children, and friends
by their friends. The cholera as also the small
pox, lingered from July 1850, to July 1851, a-
bating in winter to a considerable extent. In
that time numerous children and helpless wo-
men, and old men, who had been suddenly a-
bandoned by those that had hitherto supported
them, were picked up and taken charge of by
the traders.

The fact may not be without its interest, that
in the present year, when the party of Sioux
(consisting of one thousand families) went
north, they fell in with a party of Blackfeet,
who were in search of the Crow Indians. The
Sioux attacked them, and murdered every per-
son in the party. Not a single one was left to
bear the tale to his nation.

After the occurrence of the first few cases of
small pox, those Indians who had retired to the
north, became particularly careful in their in-
tercommunication with strangers. Guards were
stationed about their village, whose duty it was
to warn all strangers from approaching them,
and further to shoot down such as persisted in
crossing the line of their encampment. Maj.
Picot adds that very many Indians of foreign
tribes, as well as the Sioux tribe itself, were
murdered for the reason that they disregarded
this regulation.

THE NAVIES OF EUROPE.—England has 115
ships of the line, viz: 11 carrying 120 guns, 1
of 110, 50 of 104, 4 of 92, 2 of 90, 11 of 84, 9
of 80, 7 of 78, 18 of 72, and 2 of 97; 63 frigates,
1 of 36 guns, (also 2 of 60, and 6 of 50 guns,
on the stocks); 31 corvettes of 24 to 28, and 8 of
18 to 22 guns; 18 sloops of war of 14 to 18
guns, and 59 brigs of 6 to 16 guns, besides the
numerous packet, revenue and transport vessels,
&c., &c.

Russia has 4 line-ships of 120 guns, 1 of 110,
15 of 94, 19 of 74; 48 frigates of 44 to 60 guns;
about 60 smaller vessels, 23 steamers, &c.

Spain has 2 line-ships, 5 frigates, 6 corvettes,
8 brigs, 15 steamers, &c.

Portugal has 2 line-ships, 6 frigates, 8 corvettes,
11 brigs, 7 schooners, 2 steamers.

Sardinia has 4 frigates, 4 corvettes, 3 brig-
antines, 1 brig, 6 steamers, &c., in all 60 vessels
of war, with 900 guns.

The two Sicilies have 1 line-ship, 5 frigates,
1 corvette, 2 bomb-ketches, 5 brigantines, and 2
galleyes, besides 12 steamers, and two on the
stocks.

Greece has 2 corvettes, 2 steamers, 1 packet,
13 brigs, 10 schooner, 5 cutters, &c.

Turkey has 9 line-ships, 2 frigates, 4 sloops, 5
steamers.

Sweden has 16 line-ships, 8 frigates, 8 brigs
and corvettes, 6 schooners, 12 steamers, &c.

Norway has 2 frigates, 3 corvettes, 1 brig, 5
schooners, 4 steamers, 4 steam-packets, 133 gun-
boats.

Denmark has 6 line-ships, 7 frigates, 5 cor-
vettes, 4 brigs, 3 schooners, 4 cutters, in all 29
vessels of war, with 996 guns, besides 4 steam-
ers, 41 gun-boats, &c.

Holland has 7 line-ships, 17 frigates, 15 cor-
vettes, 17 brigs and packets, 18 steamers, &c.

SENATOR DOUGLASS.—Middlebury College
at its commencement, on Wednesday last, con-
ferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on Hon.
Stephen A. Douglass, of Illinois—a compli-
ment worthily bestowed. It was in Middle-
bury that Mr. Douglass served his apprenticeship
as a cabinet-maker—a fact of which he was
jociously speaking the other day, when a whig
gentleman present replied: "The trade may
serve your convenience yet—for no man at
present seems more likely to have cabinet mak-
ing to do than your honor." The remark was
happy as being at once a good joke and—a fact.

Many persons complain of being pestered by
musketoes; it is easy to avoid the inconvenience.
On going to bed, strip off your shirt and cover
yourself from head to foot with boiled molasses.
Let every part of the body be thickly cov-
ered with it. On coming to bite you the mus-
ketoes will stick fast in the molasses and you can
kill them all in the morning!

A gift waited for is sold, not given.

A good servant makes a good master.

THE TAX MAN IN A PRINTING OFFICE.—Eve-

ry business has its unpleasant duties, and none
more than that of the tax gatherer. One of
these, a gentlemanly, unobtrusive individual a
few days since, entered the printing office, book
in his hand and politely accosted the proprietor
with—

"Paid your poll tax, sir."

"No," was the answer, "I don't pay; I'm one
of the city protectors."

"How's that?"

"Why, I'm a fireman and runs wid the de
mersheen."

"All right," said the collector, and he passed
to the next man who answered—

"I serve my country, I belong to the Squad."

Of course the members of the Squad were
exempt.

The third was a minor—the fourth training
with the Hibernians—the fifth declared him-
self a messenger, without any visible means of
support, not even so much as a codfish—the
sixth and seventh were Dutchmen making tem-
porary steam engines of themselves at the fly
wheel of a power press. Their only answer,
"Yaw," soon satisfied the collector that they
didn't know the difference between poll tax and
poll parrot. The eighth man declined paying
because in the event of a suit he should win.
The collector's eyes brightened.

"Young man," said he, I will sue you, get a
judgment, take out an execution, and then where
are you?"

"Why, as I'm a day boarder, sleep in the of-
fice, han't got any coat and carry my household
furniture, (a tooth-brush and wooden comb,) in
my hat, I suppose I would beat you on an exe-
cution."

The man whose duty it was to collect for
"Cesar the things that were Cesar's" left so-
liloquising, that he "stood as much chance of
being struck with lightning, as of collecting a
poll tax in a printing office."

FLUENCY IN CONVERSATION.—Roll an empty

barrel down hill, and what a rattling noise it
makes! So with an empty carriage over the
pavements. So also with an empty head. When
it contains but a few scattering ideas, every body
can hear them rattle. You almost see them,
when that fellow who carries such a head passes
by you. Have you not such an individual in
your mind's eye? We have. His name may
be Dick, or Jim, Bill, or Joe—but he is the same
everywhere—he wags the same tongue, shoots
forth the same ideas. He thinks he is wise, but
every body else thinks otherwise. Had he real
knowledge, he would talk less, and say more.
Generally a man of sterling talents talks but
very little, yet every word tells. Addison was
a person of this description. He was always
embarrassed in company. Some of our best liv-
ing authors—men of genius and talent—have
been noticed for their paucity of words in com-
mon conversation. Yet men who know scarce-
ly more than twice two make four, are always
rattling off words, and pass for persons of some
consequence. They utter sentences without
meaning, and words that would puzzle an editor
to understand.

An incessant talker we always avoid. In his
presence we feel about as happy as on the brow
of a cataract—only there is some sense to the
latter. In an office or store, what is more try-
ing than a person with the gift of gab?—what
but a straggling musician under your window, or
a fiddler in your garret.

The Somersetski is the name of a new dance
which bids fair to knock the Waltz, the Mazou-
rka, the Polka, the Rodowa, and the Scotchies,
into a cocked hat. This last named is by far
the most ridiculous affair that was ever partici-
pated in, by sane people. We never see it with-
out thinking of a gander balancing himself on
one leg and nodding affectionately and amorously
at his goose. But the Somersetski is the
dance of the age. It is generally danced by four
persons—two ladies and two gentlemen. The
ladies are dressed in a frock reaching to the knee
and the continuance are of stockinets, fitting
as closely as possible to the skin. One lady
wears a white and a black stocking, and the other
wears one green and one red stocking. The
gentlemen are dressed in shorts and tights, and
their stockings are of pink and purple colors.
The dance begins by the gentlemen turning
somersets over the ladies, after which the ladies
turn somersets over the gentlemen, and then
the whole party turn somersets over each other
rapidly, promiscuously, and miscellaneously.
During this last named movement, the perform-
ers, with their variegated costumes, present all
the changes of the kaleidoscope. Those of our
countrymen who have visited Paris and seen it
danced, admire it very much. It is doubtless in
full vogue at all the watering places this sea-
son.

"Man is a Chameleon and doth feed on air."

Prof. Leibig in the following, demonstrates
this poetical assertion to be a scientific truth: